



These songs were written
between the years 1852 + 1856
by Belinda Collins

The Dying wife

1 I'd have you call him quickly
 I feel that I must die
 My breath comes up so faintly
 And clouds are passing by
 I shall not see the morrow
 Lord may I come to thee
 Thou carest for the sparrow
Be merciful to me

2 Dear husband thou art near me
 To glad this heart once more
 Thou hast loved me long and dear
 Its throbs will soon be o'er
 How I hate to leave thee
Thou hast loved me long and true
 And see how parting grieves me
And leave my children too
 3 I would not have you call them
 Nor break their slumbers now
 But kiss without number
 Kiss on their little brow

And tell them that their Mother
Did pray that they might be
Good and kind unto each other.

4 And a blessing dear to thee
This fainting heart would rather
Have laid aside the cup
Oh help me heavenly father
To give my treasures up
For there are many mansions
Prepared by Jesus love
Oh meet me there dear husband
We'll join again above

1 Spring field mountains
On spring field mountains there did dwell
A likely youth who was known full well
Lieutenant Morich only son
A little more than twenty one
2 Last Friday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow
A round or two then he did feel
A poison serpent bite his heel

3 Soon as he received this deathly wound
He dropped his self the low to the ground
And then for home was his intent-
Calling aloud still as he went

4 His friends and neighbors did him hear
But none of them did come anear
Thought as for workman he did call
And so poor man alone did fall

5 He sat him down composed to rest-
With both his arms across his breast
His eyes and mouth were closing fast-
And so poor man he sleep his last

6 His careful father quickly came
To seek his son in discontent
And there he found his only son
Lying on the ground cold as a stone

7 In seventeen hundred eighty one
This fatal accident was done
Let this a warning be to all
To be prepared when God doth call.
"S. S. S. T."

The Drunkard's Lament

1 I dreamt a dream the other night
When all around was still
I thought I saw my cottage white
Upon yon flowry hill
The grass plot green before the door
The porch with vines overspread
Where lovely as they were before
When that home was my own
Chorus. Drunsellor that home that home
That pleasant home that happy home
That cottage home was mine

2 The gravel walks so white and strait-
With flower-banks on each side
That leads down to the wicket-gate

Where Willie used to ride
The locusts o'er the path that grew
The willow boughs that swayed
All told me with a tongue more true
That there my Mary laid

Chorus

3 The silver lake so calm and clear
Along ~~those~~ whose banks I've strayed
So often with my Lucy dear
To watch the sunlight fade
The brook that swells runs
The garden foot along
The murmuring fount as bright as then
Still sang that same loved song

Chorus

4 The window toward the garden gate
That looked out on the west
Where that loved being used to wait
Who made my home so blit
Where closed the sombre curtains hung

And no loved face was there,
Her voice ~~that~~^{the} evening sang that song
Or breathed the morning Prayer.
Chorus

5 Silence hung round that happy home
Where one so light and free
My laughing children used to come
And dance upon my knee
For she who was that homes dear light
In constant beauty shone
Around that cheerfull hearth stone
All now was still and lone
Chorus

Yes that loved wife has gone to rest-
In death her heart is bounst
Her babes are sleeping on her brest
Beneath ~~that~~ ^{the} sun shady mound
And I am wandering lone & stray
My home ^{the master of my will} my cottage home is changed
To a hut be hind the hill
Chorus

Good bye

1 Farewell. Farewell is a lonely word
And always brings a sigh
But give to me when love once spark
That sweet old word good bye

2 Farewell farewell may do for the gay
When pleasures throng is nigh
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart good bye

3 Adieu Adieu we hear it oft -
With a tear perhaps with a sigh
But the heart feels most when the lips
And the eye speaks the gentle ~~good bye~~^{more nobly}

4 Farewell farewell is heard no more
When the tears in a moth's eye
Adieu Adieu she speaks it not -
But my love good bye good bye

5.2 5.5

V.V.V

The Bantry bird
You think I have a merry heart-
Because my songs are gay
But I they were all taught to me
By friends now far away
The bird retains his silver note
Though bondage chains his wing
His song is not a happy one
I'm saddest when I sing

I learned them first in that ^{same} ~~sad~~
I never more shall see
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintif turn for me
As the rain in winters time
To mock the songs of spring
Each note recalls some withered leaf
I'm saddest when I sing
Of all the friends I used to love
My harp remains alone
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own
My tears when I bend over it, will fall upon the string
Yet they do hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in me old Kentucky home

It is summer the darkeys are gay

The corn tops ripe and the meadows in their bloom

And the birds make music all the day

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor

All merry and happy and light

But ^{the dear} and by hard times come a knocking at

Then me old Kentucky home good night

Dear wife no more my lady

Keep no more to day

We will sing one song for me old Kentucky ^{home}

For me old Kentucky home far away

We'll hunt no more for de popon & de doon

Over the meadow the hill & the shore

We'll sing no more of the glimmer of the moon

On the bench by the old cabin door

The day goes round like a shover on the heart

With sorrow where all was delight

A few no days and de darkeys'll have to part

From me old Kentucky home good night

The heads will bow & and the backs ^{to bend} all here
Where ever the darkey may go
A few more days and the trouble all will ^{end}
In the field where the sugar cane grows
A few more days to load the very load
No matter it never be light
A few more days still we'll be on the road
My old Kentucky home good night
Chorus

Gilly Dale

Was a calm still night & the moon ^{light} pale
Shone soft o'er hill & Dale
Where the friends met with ^{stood around the death bed} grief
Of any poor lost Gilly Dale
Oh Gilly, Sweet Gilly Dear Gilly Dale
Now the wild flowers wave over the little
Heath the trees is the flowers vale



Her cheek that once ~~loved~~ ^{rose tint of her lips} with the
By the hand ~~that~~ ^{pal} defec ~~she had~~ turned
And the death damp ^{bro} is on the pure white
Of my poor lost ~~Gill~~ Dale

Chorus

I go she said to the land of sets
And in my strength shall fit ^{hope}
I will tell you where near my own loved
You must lay my poor ~~Gill~~ Dale

Chorus

Under the chestnut where the wild flowers ^{grow}
And the streams ripple forth through ^{the oak}
Where the birds shall warble their song ⁱⁿ
There lay my poor ~~Gill~~ Dale

Chorus. O ~~Gill~~ Dale

The false lover

I knew him not, I sought him not
He was my father's guest -
I gave him not one smile more true
Then those I gave the rest -
He sat beside me at the bar
The choice it was his own
And oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone,

Then at the dance again we met -
Again I was his choice
Again I heard those gentle tones
Of that beguiling voice
I sought him not he led me fast
From all the fairest there
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair

Ah why did he tell me this
His praises made me vain

And when he left me how I longed
To hear that voice again
I wonderd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charms
And why my path was dull unles
I leaned upon his arm
— — — — —

Had I might have guessed the ^{cause} the
For what could make me shun
My parents cheerfull dwelling place
To wander all alone
Or what could make me braid my hair
Or study to improve
The form that he had claimed to prize
What could it be but love
— — — — —

All little knew I of the world
And less of mans career
I thought each smile, a kind enough
Each word of praise sincere

His sweet voice spoke of endless love
I listened and believed
And little dumpt how afts before
That sweet voice had deceiv'd

The smiles upon another now
And in that same sweet tone
She breathes to her those gentle words
I once thought all my own
Ah why is she so beautiful
I cannot blame his choice
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice

Wait for the wagon

With you come with me my Phillis dear

To you blue mountains free

Where slopoms smell thee sweetest
Come rove along with me

Do every sunday morning when I am ^{wife} gone
Well jump ⁱⁿ into the wagon and all together
Chorus Wait for the wagon Well all take

Where the river runs like silver

The birds they sing so sweet

I have a cabin Phillis

And something good to eat

Come listen to my story it will relieve my

Be jump into the wagon off we will start

Chorus

Do you believe my Phillis dear

Old Mike with all his wealth

Can make you half so happy

As I with youth and health

Well have a little farm a horse a pig a cow
And you will ^{gather the flowers} the dairy White Parlor

Chorus

Our lips are red as roses
Our hair so slick and neat
All braided up with ribbons
And holt hocks so sweet

It's every sunday morning when I am ^{up} ~~up~~
Well jump into the wagon all take ^{up} ~~up~~
Chorus

Together on life's journey
Well travel till we stop
And if we have no trouble
Well reach the happy top
Then come with me sweet Phelles
My dear my love my bride
Well jump into the wagon
And all take a ride

Chorus

Answer to wait for the wagon
Jacob gets the mitten to go
I thank you Mr Jacob I'm not inclined
Your wagon is to clumsy & your team it is too
And though 't would make you less ^{ills} ~~at~~ ^{to my side} your
To go out in such ^{turnout} would be shocking
Chorus, Go ride in a wagon An old rust wagon
A squeaking lumber ^{tops} ~~tops~~ ^{fall} Would be shocking
Besides a gitting wagon I never could abide

And then that sweet ^{love story}
Which has weighed upon your heart
Must be a great sensation
Which affects another part
Your love is in your stomach
And no doubt 'tis very sweet
Be there ^{when} I am ~~of~~ ^{by} your side
Of something good to eat
Chorus ^I ~~was~~ with your wagon ^{the old} ~~old~~ ^{wagon}
A squeaking lumber wagon ^I ~~was~~ ^{take} ~~say~~ ^{to}
But in a common wagon I could ^{to you it may be sweet} ~~scorn~~ ^{not} to take

Perhaps you may consider
I'm very hard to please
But I can never be happy
In a dairy making cheese
So keep your little farm house
And just go and mind your flock
I'm sure I can do better
Than consent to milk your cow
And ride in a wagon, An clumsy ^{ugly} wagon
A squeaking lumber wagon ~~With horses for the~~
To think of such a wagon it mortifiers me now

Old Mike ^{bid}, was not so sluggish when he asked me for his
As to bring a clumsy wagon and invite me out to ride
And though he's not so handsome quite as you may deem yourself
I think him quite agreeable especially his self ^{like},
I'll ride in a carriage, A fine gilded carriage ^{carriage} An easy cushioned
And own it all myself So I'll not decline a marriage
With old Mike and all his "peff"

The Starry hour

Oh! the long starry hours give to me
When so beautiful is the night ^{Love}
When the sound long hissing moon ^{Love} I see
As she creeps through the clouds silvery lights ^{Love}
When the wind through the boughs sweeps ^{Love}
And I gaze on some bright rising star
When the world is in sleep and in sleep loves
Then awake while I touch my guitar
,

When the soft wavy moon grows bright ^{Love}
Far away over the distant sea
And the stars speak their gentle lights ^{Love}
Then awake for a welcome to me
And Oh! if that pleasure be mine ^{Love}
We will wander together afar
My heart shall be thine thine mine ^{Love}
Then awake while I touch my guitar

Repeat the last four lines

Oh! take me home to die
This land is very bright - mother
Those flowers are very fair
There's magic in the orange grove

And fragrance in the air
But take me to my king - let home where the bark god ^{lives} -
Let me go back again mother Oh! take me home to die

Let my Father's land but not mother
In blessings on my head
Let my brother and my sister dear
But strong around my bed

O let those I loved ones near Recieve thy parting breath
When I bid you all good night mother ^{sliply death} and slay the

These flowers are sweet as sweet afford
I scent the flowers to breath
But are they bloom again mother
I shall be lost in death

Then take me to my dear old home the soles are so dear
As those that bloom upon the bark, Go our old home so near

It will be blooming soon Mother
Then come, Oh! let me go
Give me once more those roses
Before you lay me low

You lay them on my grave Mother say Mother will you not
You lay me by the mossy bank ^{you} till you get the

Be close beside the church Mother
And when you come to pray
I'll listen to your words Mother
And hear what you shall say

You must not weep for me mother For I shall ^{be} happy
For though I cannot stay with you ^{you} can come ^{me}

Dear mother I am weeping
I cannot stop the tears
They are swelling at the thoughts of home
And of my early years

I feel I'm going now mother O take me with ^{I prefer} ^{you} ^{you} ^{you}
And let me feel your lips mother Put on my forehead

There's a dimness in my right mother
I cannot get my breath
Is it gone soe I hear mother
Oh All we is this death
You tell my Father soe I fear not to see him more
You tell my Brothers each for me they will forget of you

You tell ^{my} Brother, Sister dear
I have gone up on high
And if they are good children here
They'll see me when they die
I feel I'm going now brother one ^{time} we life is
Fare you well my own dear mother ^{in heaven} till we meet

The dismal swamp

They made her a grave too cold and damp

For a heart so warm and true

She's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp

Where all night long her firefly lamp

The paddles her light canoe

Her briefly lamp I soon shall see

Her paddle I soon shall hear

Living and loving her life shall be.

I'll hide a maid in a cypress tree.

When the footstep of death doth near

way to the dismal swamp he goes

His path was rugged and sore

Through tangled juniper boughs and weeds

Through many a brier where the serpent feeds

And man never trod before

And when on earth he lay down to sleep

Remember his eyes his knees

We lay where the death in both weeps

Its venomous breath and midnight steep

And the flesh with biting fire 11

And near him then she woff stid the lake
And the copper make blushed in his ear
And startling he cried from his dream-wake
O! when shall I in the dust-lake
And the light canoe of my dear
He reached the lake in a meteor-spark
Dashed over the surface of blood
Welcome he cried my dear ones light
And the dim stone echo for many nights
W. the name of that death-cold mail

Till he made him a boat of birch and bark
Which carried him off from the shore
Long he followed that meteor-spark
The winds were high and the night was dark
And the boat returned no more
And off from the hunters camp
His liver and maid a true
Are seen at the hour of midnight-^{dusk}
To cross a lake by the fire fly lamp
& The paddles her light canoe 17

Home all ye bold men too that handle the
Beware of your shooting at the setting of sun
For a melancholly accident that happened of late
To Harry Van Buren whose fortune was great -

gun

She being out a walking with a skit upon one
An under a green bush the shower to when
Young James being out a walking he shot in
The dark ^{the dark} marsh ^{not in}
He shot first to kill her and not miss his

Plain James going up to her and seeing ^{she} was she
We's limbs they grew feeble and his eyes could
Not see ^{not see} them he pour'd her all in his arms when he
Felt she neyber ^{poor she neyber} And a fountain of tears illasing her he did

Plain James going home with his gun in his hand
Saying Father dear Father the b'lele they say
I'll kill that fair creature the joy of my life
End of times I'll let her ^{my wife} shoulder make her

His Father going up to him where locks were given
Saying James my dear son James do not go away
But stay in your own country till the truce ^{is over}
And you never shall be hung James for the death ^{of}

But as three nights after she to her Uncle ^{John} said
Saying Uncle dear Uncle James Randal is dead
He being out a souling he thought me dead
But alas it was I Mary ^{had}

Six dukes went before her to her burial ^{to the}
Six dukes followed after in silk robes ^{and} gowns
Mr. Black was their mourning all ^{the} ^{land}
And a ^{land} piercing loud can none ears hear ^{the}

Do they miss me at home do they miss me
Would be an assurance most dear
To know this moment some loved one
Were saying I wish he was here
To feel that- the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I am
Oh! 'tis now to be joy beyond measure
To know that miss me at home
To know that- they miss me at home

When twilight approaches the season
That ever was sacred to song
Does some one repeat- any name over
And sigh that I carry so long
And is there a cord in the measure
That's missed when my voice is away
A cord in each heart- that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay

Do they place me a chair near the table
When evening home pleasures are nigh
When the Lamps are lit in the parlor
And the stars in the calm azure sky
And when the good nights are repeated
And all lay them down to their sleep
Do they think of the absent and soft me
Whisper good night over the sleep $\#$

Do they miss me at home do they miss me
At morning at noon or at night
And linger one gloomy shade round them
That only ~~they~~ my presence can light
Are joys less invitingly welcome
Are pleasures less halid than before
Because one is missed from the circle
Because I am with I am with you no more $\#$

O yes we do miss thee kind voices
Are calling me back as I roam
And eyes have grown weary with weeping
All watch for to welcome me home

Kind friends ye shall watch me no longer
I'll hurry me back from the sea
For how can I tarry when followed
By watchings and praysers such as these.

We miss thee at home yet we miss thee
Would be an assurance most dear
To know that this

Since the hour that we bade the adieu
And prayers have encircled thy pathway
From anxious hearts - living and true
The angels would guard and protect thee
Thus far from the loved ones you roam
And a whisper whenever thou art saddened
We miss thee all miss thee at home

When morning awakes us from slumber
We catch from thee lips the first - kiss
And fold in a wandering zephyr
To be wafted to him whom we miss

And when we have joined the fond circle
And replaced the still vacant chair
For each eye arise gathering tears
For him we want to see there 11

The shadows of evening are falling
Oh! where is the wander now
The Breeze that floats light around us
Perhaps may soon visit his bower
O bear on thy bosom a message
We are watching Oh! why will though roam
The heart as grown sad and desolate
For we miss thee all miss thee at home D.G.
The Young folks at home

I was in a southern grove I dwell
No sorrow there I knew

And every hour was brighter still
That gaily o'er me flew
The little ones that clung around
Far from them I did roam
Made every hour still happier seem
Oh! the dear young folks at home

Chorus. I'm very sad no joy for me

Why did I ever roam

B.S.

Then shall I never never see

Those dear young folks at home

We'll play the banjo tambourine

And dance beneath the shade

And all around us love to hear

The music that we mad

The mocking bird sang sweetly there

And the wild ^{birds} ~~birds~~ do come

Which make the woods with music ring

Oh the dear young folks at home

I'm very sad to

And now I'm wandering far away

Where no such pleasure I have

A little drearful that sorrow will come

To this poor heart of mine

I'm scared half the careless crowd

It matter where I roam

Then shall I shall I never see
These dear young folks at home
I am very sad &
I don't now shall broken hearted go free
Poor Ann they all despise
I'll grieve all the happy part
With bitter tears and sighs
Then take me down to that Bristol spot
Where I always used to roam
And bury me in the cold cold ground
Near the dear young folks at home
I'm very sad &

The Old Folks at home
Was down upon the swannee river
Far far away
Dare is where my heart is turning ever
Dare is where the old folks stay
All up an down the whole creation
Sadly I rove
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary
Every where I roam

Oh darkeys how my hart grows ^{wear}
Far from de ole folks at home

2^d One little hut among de bushes

One that I love

Still fondly to me memory rushes
No matter where I roam

When I was playing with my brudder
Happy was I

Oh take me to me kind old mudder
Dare let me live and die

3^d All around de little farm I ^{roamed} wan

When I was young

Many de happy days I squandered

Many de songs I sing

When will I hear de bees a hummin
All among de comb

When will I hear de banjo tunnin
Down in de good ole home

1st Thou hast wounded the spirit that loves
And cherished thine image for years
Thou hast taught me at last to forget the
Poor secret in silence in tears.

Like a young bird when left by its mother
Its earliest pinions to try
Round the nest will still linger
Ere its trembling wings can fly.

Thus were taught in this world to sever
Each feeling that once was so dear
Like that young bird I'll try to discern
A home of affection elsewhere
Though this heart may still cling to thee ^{fondly}
And dreams of sweet memory pass
But hope like the rainbow of summer
Gives a promise of love to the last

Song of the Irish Emigrant -

I'm sitting on the slate, May,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bird;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip May,
And the love light in thine eye,

The place is little changed, May,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of thy hand,
Your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands there near -
The church where we were wed, Mary!
See the spire from here;
But the grave yard lies between, Mary;
My steps might break your rest,
For I'll laid you, darling down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

You're very lonely now, Mary.
For the poor make no new friends
But oh! they lose the better far,
The few our father sends! -
And you were all I had, Mary -
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to!

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Sheland,
In the land I'm going to.

And often in those grand old woods
I sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where may lies;
And I'll think in the little style
Where we sat side by side,
And the spring comes and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

When I awoke this morning in the land
I saw more than fours score miles
Crops three years of corn
It will sleep the 17th of June
With the coming of the summer
Family of us and old mother
I am afraid of judgment who
fail to bear the yoke of such a state
My wife have never told

She was young & was not at interest
With myself not to share for myself
All the time being by and by as little
Raining for want of food
I thought of bread in my sleep brother
And the sight was heaven to see
I woke with an eager and famishing lip
But you had no bread for me

Thi' year of a household

My gos in beauty side by side
My gos are here with gos
Their grace we were in mind

By small and small among
The sun and moon bordering
The earth the upper sea
He had each filled place
There are dark shadows

One with the party band
By whom so much is done
The Indian has his
Lungs to be filled
The dark band

He has his party
The Indian has his
Lungs to be filled
The dark band

1000 feet in my sleep
I lay down in the
the large ant-hill
and went to sleep

The graves of a household

1 They grew in beauty side by side
They filled our home with glee
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeper's brow
She had each folded flower in sight
Where are those dreamers now?

2 One midst the forest of the west—
By stream so dark is laid
The Indian knows his place of rest—
Far in the cedar shade
The sea the dark blue sea hath one
He sleeps where pearls lie dead
He was the loved of all yet none
O'er his low bed may weep it

3. One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain
He wept his colors round his breast
In the blood red field of Spain
And one o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned
She faded midst Italian flowers
The last of that fair band

The Broken prayer

I love to stay where my mother sleeps
And gaze on each star as it twinkles ^{peeps}
Through that bending willow which lonely grows
O'er my mother's grave
O'er my mother's grave
Through that bending willow
O'er my mother's grave

I love to kneel on the green turf there
Afar from the scenes of my daily care
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer
Now, O'er my mother's grave

I still remember how oft she led
And knelt me by her as with God she plead
That I might be his when the cloth was spread
Over my mothers grave

I love to think how 'neath the ground
She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
She'll slumber no more whin the trump ^{sound} shall
Over my mothers grave

Death bed scene

Long months of pain and sickness
Had dimmed her loving eye
And death the king of terrors
Was standing closely by
Upon her brow of marble
We saw the clamy blight
And knew her spirit pinions.
Were planning for their flight
chorus, Then the feeling came o'er us
She's passing away!

With smothered sobs of anguish
She heard her gasp for breath
As farther yet she wandered
Aloan th' vale of death
So cold so deep she murmured
To him who held her hand
The waters swell around me
Oh for that heavenly land

Chorus.

We sang to her of heaven
Of those illusion plains
Where holings and beauty
Forever ever reigns
And of the glorious city
The new Jerusalem
Where each immortal saint now
Receives a diadem

Chorus.

Smiles of exalting beauty
Sprued o'er her fair'd face
We knew that she had conquered

Through Jesus precious grace
One farewell kiss she sighed for
One sigh up heaved her breast
One parting glance to loved ones
And then she was at rest -
Chorus. Then we knew Oh we knew
She had passed away

Oh I am going home
Oh I'm going home to the old hearthstone
Where kind friends shall greet me as I come
The festers are strung round the household throng
And I've wandered long but I'm going going
I'm going home
But I'm going going going going I'm going home
Chorus
Beneath the ever ^{green} hill by the gentlest rill
That ever hopped pebble is the old cot still
It goes on to decay as it did that day
When I wandered away
So I'm going home

3rd Soon soon shall I press to my throbbing ^{breast}
The friends I in childhood so fondly cared for
My heart strings thrill my eyelids fill
For I love them still
Oh I'm going to

4th Oh would that joy were free from alloy
Oh would that no feelings nor hopes would destroy
But I soon shall know a weather woe or woe
Betimes where I go
For I'm going to

5th Kind strangers advice with hearts ever true
As onward I go I will still think of you
And when loved ones ^{near} meet round the family
Your names I'll repeat
For I'm going to

6th Here is my old cabin home =
Here is my sister and my brother
Here lies my wife the joy of my life
And my child in the grave with its
Mother

My Old cabin home

1st I am going far away far away to leave you now
To the Mississippi river I am going
I will take me old banjo and settle down to rest
Away down in me old cabin home

2nd Chorus. on the opposite page
I am going to leave this land with this our darkey ^{bayed}
To travel all this wide world over
And when I get tired I will settle down to rest
Away down in me old cabin home

3rd Chorus -

And when old age comes on me and ^{turning gray} my hair is
I will hang up the banjo all alone
I will sit down by the fire and pass the time away
Away down in me old cabin home

4th Chorus

It is there where I am away down on the old farm
Where all the darkeys are free
Merrily sound the banjo for the white folks round the ^{room}
Away down in me old cabin home

Chorus

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
And cherished thine image for years
Thou hast taught me to forget thee
In secret - in silence in tears
Like a young bird when left by its Mother
Its earliest - pinions to try
Round the nest will still linger in hope
Ere its - trembling wings can fly

Thus we're taught in this world to sever
Each feeling that once was so dear
Like that - young bird I'll try to discover
A home of affection else where
Though this heart may still cling to the land
And dreams of sweet memory past -
But - hope like the rainbow of Summer
Gives a promise of love to the last -

Come this way my Father

I remember a voice which once guided my way
When tossed on the sea fog enshrouded I say
I was the voice of a child as he stood on the shore
It sounded like music o'er the dark billows roar
Come this way my Father steer strait for me
Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember that voice as it led our lone way
Midst rock and through breakers and high dashing spray
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows roar
Come this way my Father steer strait for me
Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember my joy when I held to my breast
The form of that dear one and soothed it to rest
For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear
I called you dear Father and knew you would hear
The voice of your darling far o'er the dark sea
While safe on the shore I was waiting for thee

That voice is now hushed which then guided ^{me}
The forms I then gress'd is now mingling with clay
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear
I'm calling you Father Can you not hear
The voice of your darling as tossed on life's sea
Far on the bright shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember that voice in many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power
And still echoes far out over life's troubled wave
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave
Come this way my Father oh steer strait for me
Here safely in Heaven I'm waiting for thee

Over the River

O have you not heard of that realm of delight
To which the blessed Saviour doth each one invite
He prepared for the good the pure and the elect
Tis over yonder where the weary find rest

O I want to cross over don't you where he reigns
And join the glad angels on Edens fair plains
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed
I want to cross over where the fields are all green

Though death foaming billows are rolling between
And glories are there such as eye hath not seen
And songs are there sung such as ear hath not
Hear ^{seen}
Get the way o'er the river the Saviour hath taught

Tis a land of pure beauty a realm of delight
Overflowing with gladness resplendent with light
Its verdure never withers its flowers never die
And I long to pass over with Jesus on high

Its fountains are pure and its treasures untold
Its fullness of joy no tongue can unfold
Its life breathing zephyrs float gently along
O'er the river enticing a son redeemed thong

There the weary may rest and the wicked never come
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home
With their harps and their crowns they always are seen
Way o'er the river where the valleys are green
Tis Jesus invites you this glory to see
Tis reign with him ever all happy and free
I'll join the redeemed and with them abide
I'll cross the dark river bright angels will guide

Bury me in the morning
Lay me down where the grass is green Mother
Beneath the willow shade
Where the murmuring winds doth mourn ^{Mother}
The weep that death has made

Chorus

Bury me in the morning
And mourn not at thy loss
For I'll join the beautiful army
That carried the Saviour cross

Never sorrow nor sigh for me Mother
Who fell in early years
For I'll be in that pleasant land Mother
That's free from grief and tears

I have heard of the land of the blest Mother
And death is drawing near
So pass me o'er the stream Mother
That mortals dread and fear

You must promise to come to me Mother
When life and hope shall fade
For there's room for you in that home Mother
That's far from the greenwood shade

When this cruel war is over
Dearest love do you remember
When we last did meet
How you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet
Oh how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue
How you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true

Chorus

Weeping sad and lonely
Hopes and fears how vain
When this cruel war is over
Praying that we meet again

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along
Or when autumn leaves are falling
Sadly breathe a song
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain
Only wounded even dying
Calling but in vain

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall
Far away from those who love you
None to hear you call
Who would whisper words of comfort
Who would sooth your pain
Ah the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain
Chorus

But our country called you darling
Angels cheer your way
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can only pray
Nobly strike for God and Liberty
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner
Emblem of the free
Chorus

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NELLY.GRAY

In a low green valley by my old Kentucky shore
Where I ailed many happy hours away
I sitting and a singing by my little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray

Chorus

O! my poor Nelly Gray they have taken you away
And I'll never see my darling any more
I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the ^{day}
For she's gone from my old Kentucky shore

When the moon had climed the mountain and the stars ^{were shining too}
I would take my darling Nelly Gray
We would float down the river in my little red ^{canoe}
While the banjo so sweetly I do play

Chorus

One night I went to see her but she'd gone the neighbor ^{say}
The white man has bound her with his chains
He has taken her to Georgia to wear her life away
As she toils in the cotton and the cane

WELLINGTON

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstring

I am tired of living any more

My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unison

While I stay on my old Kentucky shore

Chorus

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see the way

Hark there is som body knocking at my door

I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Lee

Farewell to my old Kentucky shore

Chorus

O my darling Nelly Lee up in Heaven ^{say} so they

that they'll never take you from me, no

I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the

Farewell to my old Kentucky shore

The Drunkard

I saw him at the close of day
Close by the grog shop door
His eyes were sunk his lips were parched
I viewed him o'er and o'er

An infant son stood by his side
And to him hisping said
Come father mother's sick at home
And sister cries for bread

Then up he rose and staggering in
As he had done before.
And to the land lord faltering said
Give me just one glass more

The host replied with smiling lips
And filled the venomed bowl
He drank while wife and children ^{starved}
And to ruin sent his soul

A year elapsed I passed that way
A couch stood by the door
I asked the cause mad one reply
The drunkard is no more

I saw his funeral train pass by
No wife or child was there
They too had joined their mother earth
And left this world of care

Come all ye voters of the polls
Honor ye not the heavens decree
You ne'er can taste eternal fel^le
Till from the bowl ye flee

Reflect your wife and children starve
Fly from the grogshop fly
Ere you like him neglected live
Like him neglected die

The Mountainer's farewell.

I have come from the mountains of the old grand old state
Where the hills are so ~~left~~ magnificent & great
I have left kindred spirits in the land of the ~~old~~
When I back their advice for the far distant west
With mountains, ~~thy~~ valleys in my own native state

Repeat the two first two lines

Oh! thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me
No matter what in lands of others I may see
I may view scenes so sunny so fair and so sweet
Then I'll think of my cottage that stands in the ^{green}
Of my childhood, Oh! that ^{old} honest ^{old} In my own native

I will oft think of her whose voice was my pride
As she roved among the mountains so close by my side
Then I'll sigh for the days that never will come
For she sleeps on the shore of the cold ^{blue} ocean
Oh! that loved me Oh! that grave yard ^{old} ^{old} In my native

Oh! a mother dear I've lost the ^{old} gone to the grave
She was the dearest thing that ^{old} ever gave

Now I go to the spot where Buried is the ^{love}
And I seem to hear her singing with the ^{ban}
Oh! my mother, I blyp her ashes, In my own native ^{land}
Oh! a mother dear I've lost she's gone to the ^{grave}
She left her orphan weeping to go to God who ^{gave}

The children that perished in a snow storm
It was on one cold December night
Most chilling blew the ~~the~~ ^{the} blust ~~the~~
Dark clouds obscured the stars from sight
The snow was falling fast
Slow dragged long hours in doubt and dread
I'm pray and tear a mother shed
While struggling over bleak hills in pain
Her children sought their home in vain
Their lost in snow unheard their ^{of} moan
While rough winds blew they sank alone

Still deeper fell the drifting snow
The wind colder still
With hunger still faint their steps grew slow
Their limbs benumbed and chill

Her brother's strength gave out at last -

The tide of life was ebbing fast
To urge him on in vain she tried
And alack in vain for help she cried
Oh mother dear how would thou ^{feel}
Couldst thou but hear our dying groan
" " " " " "

How few a sister's love hath known

Or what its virtue mean
In life its sting the can never be shown
In death tis only seen

Around his feet she wrapped her shawl
Aren't his neck her scarf her all
Within her bosom pure and white
His frozen hands she folded tight
Their dying breath these children gave
Emclasped in death no hand to save
" " " " " "

One dark and fatal mountain night
Death proved a sister's love
But how that mother spent that night
His only known above

How oft the darkness she did try
Their forms to see with piercing eyes
Or strained alone a mother's ear
Their steps amidst the storms to hear
Cold night snow's made one grave for the
Hoarse wild they lay their requie

Saphonia's farewell to her husband

Written by herself

Come listen my husband what I unto me

The Lord will soon sever Saphonia from thee

Our place will be empty your heart will mourn

While the slumberer in death no more to return

How empty how lonesome your table will be

Your children in vain will be asking of me

You will seek for amusement at home and abroad

But Oh! do remember to trust in the Lord

Ten years have we lived in sweet union & love

Our hearts and our minds both together did move

Between us contention has never been heard

No stir of dissension has ever been heard

But grace from the fountain has been our ^{support}

Warm love and sweet union inspire each heart

We have shared in the blessings which heaven ^{her joint} sent

And of in our dwelling found God of content

Deceare Oh! how fatal ere we were aware
My strong constitution began to impa
And so I now bid you farewell yes I must
Go moulder and ming to ashle in the du

May God grant you wisdom that purg
To train up your children his service to love
Subpref every vice that alarmeth thy fear
And nourish each virtue that in them appr

It dear to my heart you know they must be
I have nourished and handled them often ^{my} knee
By the help of my maker ^{the} heft then from
But now they must lean upon some other arm

But when you shall see that my spirit is gone
Your youthful companion lies sensibly and dead
Mourn not for a woman that's mortal like me
Though heavy the stroke may appear unto me

When I look to my Lord Oh! pray I shall go
When I look to my husband & children it's no
But Oh! dearest Lord do as thou will -
I long for deliverance from sin & from guilt

My companion in life no mortal can tell
The paine that I feel when I bid you farewell
Will you met me in glory when time here shall
If so I'm resign'd and will lie down in peace

O yes we will meet in the heights ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{this} ~~world~~
Then resign'd let us part in a quiet world the
For I'm sure that Jehovah will never divide
Our hearts he so strongly in sweet union tied

I must bid you farewell for a long one to thee
A place here on earth is no longer for me
Remember Sapphonia wherever you go
And think on her final her lasting adieu

100
1 The early spring is the season
2 of the papa. The mountain and the hill
3 But not as likely as before to be
4 the abode of the birds. The
5 111

6 The morning was overcast with
7 the lightest possible drizzle. In addition
8 to my usual load of traps I had
9 but a single rifle. The weather
10 11

12 I started with the men this morning
13 as however I have the judgment of the
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that I was resting
Beside the road when
My soul is full of joy & thank
The Lord has called me
to the ministry & I will
not let him go

and I will be a good
Christian & do all
the good I can &
I will not let him go

.. Jane O' Malaz..

I will tell thee a tale of a maidens woe

I was born by Jane O' Malaz..

On the highlands green her parents were

But she now sleeps in the valley

She now sleeps, she now sleeps in the valley

One year ago when the sun was low

Along with.. Marin Ally..

To Hat-and-Tash she did take a walk

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps

Her heart was warm she thought not a

She was restrained by.. Ally..

Her friends do mourn she does not return

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps to

They searched around till the sun

Where I stug led, Jane O' Malaz..

Where the rock was only the skeleton of

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps to

King William and Lady Margaret
King William a hunting a hunting went
A hunting for some game
Then who should he spy but Lady Margaret
A riding across the plain

If you the man the man for me
And I the maid for thee
Before three merry, merry mornings more
Be my wedding you shall be

If you no man no man for me
And I the no maid for thee
Before three merry, merry mornings more
Be my bairn you shall be

As she sat by her bower window
A combing back her hair
Then who should she spy but King William ^{his bride} and
To the church they did impair

Then she cast of her ivy comb
And brushing back her hair
Then she cast herself from the bower window
And never was seen there

King William dreamt a troublesome dream
A dream that was good

He dreamt that his bower room was filled with
And his bed chamber filled with bla

And thus he awoke and thus he spake
And unto his wife did say
I'll go and see Lady Margaret to day
By the leave of you my dear

He went to Lady Margaret's castle
And knocking loud did ring
There was nor other but Lady Margaret's brother
To awoke and bid him come in

Oh! Where is Lady Margaret
How dead she looks to day
Lady Margaret's dead lying cold as clay
She died for the love of thee

We turned down her winding sheet
To gaze upon the dear
I left your cheek a rose red
But now they are pale as lead

And now I'll kiss your dead cold lips
For I'm sure you can't kiss me
And I'll make a ~~face~~ now a solemn sow
And I'll kiss none after these

Lady Margaret died as ~~gently~~
King William on the morrow
Lady Margaret died of true love alone
King William died of sorrow

1
Lady Margaret was buried on the salt ^{2d}
King William on the Spine
And out of her bosom there sprung a red rose
And out of his a briar

They grew and they grew till the mountain ^{to}
Till they could grow no higher
And there they entwined ^{lakes know} in a tree
The double red rose and the briar

And now young friends as you pass by
And view these two a steep
It's enough to make the hardest ^{lift} heart
And the dreyt of eyes to weep

The Rolling Stone

Since time are so hard I will tell you what heart
I about to leave off my plow and my cart
And down to Kentucky a journey will go
To better our fortune another folks do
Chase, While here I do labor each day in the field
And the winter consumes all the summer day's work

O Hollins I seen with sorrowful heart
So long you've neglected your flock and your cart
Your sheep all at random disorderedly run
Your new sandy jacket goes every day on
Chorus Stick chose to your farm presenting his
Be a' iron that keeps rolling con gather me mess
H

Mr. W^he don't be talking of stone nor of m^gle
Nor think by our going well suffer a loss
For there we can have as much land as we please
Drink brandy & whisky and live at our ease
While here &c

W^r Oh! Collins do hear me I think you are wrong
The land in those parts were not bought with ^{so} money
In purchasing whisky I'm in despair
It must be cash a great consequence there

W^r, Stick close to me
We're houses were lands were hollows were floods
We're horses were sheep and also were cows
Besides a good barn that stands in our yard
Will turn into cash and we need not fare ^{badly}

W^r While here to
Buy Tennessee land Kentucky to clear
We'll curse you both money and ^{each year} labor
Your cows sheep and horses and all things to buy
Hardly get suited before that you die

W^r Stick close to me
There's houses ~~and~~ ^{plains} and plenty of land
We can have ready cleared without doubt a ^{new} house
Besides cows sheep and horses are not very dear
We can feast upon buffalo half of the year

While here to

W^r I wish I'd a passing ten thousand freight
And a score of good lots in the best of the town
O h! then I'll remove and with so good luck
And settle on the banks of the pleasant ^{Green} Tuck
W^r Oh! stay here dear Collier

Dear wife let us go from the land we pooy
For wishing can't make us no better nor woor
In life than one year and we know but I
Shall be a rich govenor before that I die
W^r White here &c

It's time such thoughts of a farmer should cease
For there you'll be no more than a justic of peace
So leave of your argument your cart these repair
And let us conclude we will never go there
W^r Oh! stay &c

Your argument I know is not without weight
But I must go there I long to be great
In less than a year in a coach you shall ride
In coaches & stages ^{with} Hollis you'll be
W^r White here &c

ppr

Dear Collins remember those lands of delight
Inhabited by Indians who murder by night.
Your house will be plundered and burnt to the ground
Your wife & children lie mangled around
He

Oh! stay here to

Dear wife you've convinced me I'll die no more
I never once thought of your dying before
My children I love although they are small
My own life I value as much as you all.

While here to

We will set all our thoughts upon farming
And see the corn grow and the apple tree bear
This contentment upbraided contentment to know
It you to your mistress and you to your friend

We'll stick to you

Calomell

Physicians of the highest rank
To pay their bills would need a bank
Combine all wisdom art and skill
Science and sense and calomel

I

If master A or B be sick
Go call the doctor and be quick
The doctor comes with a free good will
But he never forgets his calomel

We take the patient off the hand
And compliment him as his friend
He sits a while his pulse to feel
And then he deals out his calomel

He turns unto the patient's wife
Have you pen paper spurs and knife
I think your husband might do well
To take one dose of calomel

Then he deals out one precious poison
This man might think it would ease his pain
Once in three hours at toll of bell
Then give him a dose of calomel

The mangroves were quite fast indeed
And on his pillow hangs his head
Like hunted dove upon the hill
He pants and suees his calomel

Now I regain to draw my breath
Let me die a natural death
And bid this world a long farewell
Without one dose of calomell
Without one dose of calomel
Without one dose of calomel
calomel

The Last Hymn

11.

1 The Sabbath day was ending,
In a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction
Touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset-
In the glowing, lighted west,-
And then hastened to their dwellings
For God's blessed boon of rest.

2 But they looked across the waters,
And a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them
The wild spirit of the air-
And it lashed, and shook, & tore them,
Till they thundered, groaned & boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel
In their yawning gulf entombed.

3 Very anxious were the people
On that wavy coast of Wales,

Lest the dawns of coming mornows
Should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion,
And should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and woden victims,
As it had done here before.

4 With the rough winds blowing round her,
A brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows
A large vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet —
To tell what the end must be.
For no ship could ride in safety —
Near that shore on such a sea.

5 Then the pitying people hurried
From their homes, and thronged the ^{beach}
Oh! for power to cross the water,
And the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were rung for sorrow,
Tender hearts grew cold with dread,

And the ship, urged by the tempest,
To the fatal rock shore struck.

She has parted in the middle!

Oh! the half of her goes down!

Lo! when next the white, shocked ^{sea}
faces looked with terror on the ^{sea}
Only one last clinging figure on a
spear was seen to be.

earer - the trembling water came
the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and
floated, though no power on
earth could save,

could we send him a short message?
Here a trumpet! shout away!

I was the preacher's hand that
took it; and he wondered what
to say.

God have mercy! is his heaven
far to seek for those who drown?





